

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published at Six o'Clock every Saturday Morning; and forwarded in Weekly, Monthly, or Quarterly Parts, to all Parts of the Kingdom.

No. 53.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1820.

Price 6d.

### Review of New Books.

*Travels on the Continent: written for the Use and Particular Information of Travellers.* By Marianna Starke. 8vo. pp. 845. London, 1820.

THE fair author of this bulky volume is already well known to the public, not only by works of a similar nature, but also by some dramatic pieces and other productions. In the introduction to the present work, we are told that it had its origin in her being called upon to publish a fourth edition of that part of her 'Letters from Italy,' which was intended as a *guide for travellers*; and, at the same time, 'feeling how impossible it is to give an accurate and circumstantial account of any country without residing in it, (a very exploded notion in the present age of book-making,) she determined to revisit the continent, and become an eye-witness of the alterations made there by the events of the last twenty years.'

These are favourable circumstances under which to appear before the public. An intelligent and observing author, travelling over the same ground at two periods of twenty years distance, will be able to collect better information, and form more correct opinions, than an ordinary traveller. Mrs. Starke having determined on writing a new work, rather than giving a new edition of her former production, repaired to the continent in May, 1817, where she remained upwards of two years. Her tour was a most extensive one; she successively visited France, Switzerland, Italy, Florence, Genoa, Turin, Naples, Germany, Saxony, &c. and describes, with extraordinary minuteness, whatever is best worthy the attention of the traveller in all these countries. She is particularly attentive to every thing that relates to the fine arts, and goes through the galleries and museums as methodically as a critic does through the catalogue of the Royal Academy. In noticing the relative degrees of merit of the principal pictures or statues, she does not enter into an elaborate criticism, but adopts the expressive method of 'marking with one or more exclamation points, (according to their merit,) those works which are deemed peculiarly excellent.'

The Appendix, which forms nearly a third part of the volume, contains remarks on the climates of the continent,—requisites for travellers,—routes,—modes of conveyance,—expense of travelling,—current coins, &c.; and this information is extended to Spain, Portugal, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Russia, as well as to the countries we have already enumerated as visited by the writer.

A work embracing such a variety of subjects, written by a lady of acknowledged talents, in an elegant and popular style, and with a fidelity and accuracy which nothing but the most minute and careful investigation could

have effected, cannot fail of being attractive, not only to travellers, to whom it will be a complete manual, but also to those who wish,—

'Through the loop-holes of retreat,  
To peep at such a world.'

Having said so much on the general nature of the work, we now proceed to notice, in a rapid manner, some of its principal features. Mrs. Starke, on visiting Calais, for the second time, after a lapse of twenty years, found no apparent change either in the town or its inhabitants, except that the lower orders have contracted a habit of smoking continually, like the Germans; and that the town now boasts several good inns. It was not so, however, with the towns or roads in general, most of which attested the spirit of improvement which Napoleon had encouraged. Paris, in particular, is improved both in wealth and magnificence. We pass over the account of those improvements, and of the galleries and museums, public buildings, &c. with which this city abounds, as they have been made pretty familiar to English readers, by preceding travellers. Humanity claims that we should notice the—

*Institution Royale des Sourds-Muets, Rue S. Jacques.*—The benevolent idea of teaching the deaf and dumb to speak, was formed by the Abbé Epée; who, with a fortune of only twelve hundred livres per annum, maintained, at his private expense, forty scholars of the above description; and thus founded one of the noblest charities in France: but all the sacrifices he was compelled to make, in order to accomplish his purpose, would, at length, have proved fruitless, had not his talents and virtues been renewed in the Abbé Sicard, who has brought the plans of his predecessor to such perfection, that he teaches the deaf and dumb not only to read, write, and cast accounts, but likewise to understand turning, working in mosaic, drawing, and painting, so as to get their own livelihood; he also teaches them French and English grammatically; geography, history, geometry, and metaphysics; and, at the conclusion of every month, his pupils have a public exhibition, to which strangers are always admitted, on applying to the director of the establishment for tickets.'

Mrs. Starke concludes her account of Paris by remarking that,—

'Although it has gained much during the last twenty years, in point of wealth, convenience, and external grandeur, it has lost much with respect to society; there being so great a number of different political opinions among the Parisians, maintained by each party with such tenacity, that social intercourse is almost destroyed: indeed, the very character of the people seems changed; for that constant *gaieté de cœur*, by which they were once distinguished, has given place to thoughtfulness, reserve, and discontent. They have, however, paid England the compliment of adopting her taste, with respect to laying out gardens, shrubberies, &c.: they have likewise profited by her agricultural knowledge; and also adopted many of her modes of life; insomuch that Pa-

risian ladies now walk about the city; which was never done heretofore: but on one point of etiquette they still differ widely from us; as women of light character only are attended in their walks by livery servants.'

In a notice of Geneva, we have a curious anecdote of the excessive vanity of Voltaire:—

'The object generally thought best worth notice, in the immediate vicinity of Geneva, is Voltaire's Villa, at Ferney; which house, since the death of its first owner, has had many masters; but they have all deemed it sacrilege to change anything; and consequently the rooms are furnished just the same as when he died. On entering the hall, my attention was caught by a large picture, composed by Voltaire himself, and executed by a wretched artist whom he met with at Ferney. That Voltaire was the vainest of men I have always heard; but that any man could have the overweening vanity to compose such a picture of himself, is scarcely credible. In the fore-ground stands this celebrated philosopher, holding the Henriade, which he is presenting to Apollo; who has just descended from Olympus, in order to receive it: in the background is the temple of Memory; toward which flies Fame, at the same time pointing to the Henriade.—The Muses and Graces are surrounding Voltaire; and seem in the act of carrying his bust to the temple of Memory,—the heroes and heroines of the Henriade are standing astonished at his wonderful talents,—the authors who wrote against him are falling into the infernal regions, which gape to receive them and their works; while Envy and her Imps are expiring at his feet: the family of Calas likewise is exhibited in this picture.'

From the description of the valley of Chamouni, and of the Alpine scenery in general, we detach a few passages:—

'The verdant clothing of the singular valley of Chamouni, is beautifully contrasted with cloud-capped mountains silvered by eternal snow; gloomy forests, chiefly composed of firs; cottages and hamlets scattered here and there; brawling torrents, and rocks of red porphyry and granite, interspersed with glaciers of a dazzling whiteness, whence rise sea-green pyramids of ice which, when illuminated either by the sun or moon, exhibit a prospect unique and wonderful; but, nevertheless, so much has been said in praise of this valley, that I own I felt disappointed on seeing it.'

'Every part of the valley presents a view of Mont-Blanc; this gigantic Alp, primeval with a world whose several changes it has quietly witnessed, is said, by Mr. de Luc, to be fifteen thousand three hundred and three English feet, and, by Monsieur de Saussure, seventeen thousand seven hundred Paris feet above the level of the Mediterranean sea; while the crust of snow, on its sides and summits, is supposed to exceed four hundred feet in depth. The first persons who ever reached the top of this stupendous mountain, seem to have been Jacques Balmat, of Chamouni, and Doctor Paccard: they went in the year 1786, and, in 1787, were followed by Mons. de Saussure and an English gentleman. Without aspiring so high as to think of following their steps, we felt a great inclination to ascend to the Mer de Glace; but, on inquiry, it appeared that the Montanvert, which leads to the Mer de Glace, was so much clogged with snow, and threatened by avalanches, as to be impassable: our guides, however, assured us that, by mounting the Chapeau, a giddy eminence opposite to Montanvert, we might obtain the gratification of our wishes, so far as to see the Mer de Glace; though we could not, by that path, reach it.'

The 'eighth wonder of the world,' the road over the Simplon, is, we are sorry to find, likely to be rendered useless, by neglecting to clear the Glacier and Grotto of the snow that accumulates in winter, as was regularly done during the reign of Bonaparte. The account given

of this stupendous and celebrated work, is very animated and highly interesting. The following is an extract:—

'After reaching what is called the first Gallery, (though, in fact, the whole road might properly be denominated a continued series of serpentine galleries and grottoes, rising one above the other, and united by stupendous arches of the most chaste and elegant construction;) we crossed the Kanter on a bridge eighty feet in height; and so built, as to be incapable of receiving any injury from the annual melting of the winter-snow; there being, at certain distances, cavities, through which the water discharges itself, without hurting the work: and this judicious plan is likewise pursued with respect to all the parapets and foundation-walls.

'Fine cascades and beautiful deep dells alternately presented themselves to view, till we reached, in four hours from the time of our departure from Brigg, the third Refuge; where we breakfasted. These Refuges, placed at short distances from each other, in the most exposed situations on the Simplon, are small buildings, meant to shelter men, cattle, and carriages, in case of sudden storms; and numbered, "1st Refuge," "2d Refuge," &c.; an appellation particularly well chosen, as its meaning is the same in almost every modern language.

'After passing the third Refuge, we observed an infinite variety of Alpine flowers growing amidst lawns of turf, short and soft as velvet; we then crossed the bridges of Oesback and the Saltine, (near the former of which is a magnificent cascade;) and, soon after, entered a Grotto thirty paces in length; leaving to our left the Glacier of Kaltwasser, from which descend four cascades, whose waters traverse the route in aqueducts of a masterly construction, and then precipitate themselves into chasms below. Continuing to ascend through easy, bold, and beautiful sinuosities, we reached an eminence exposed to violent gusts of wind, where trees cease to flourish, and flowers no longer enamel the earth; and where a recent avalanche has rooted up the blighted firs and larches, and suspended them on each other, over the yawning abyss underneath, in a manner we shuddered even to contemplate.'

'Not far distant from this picture of desolation, is the Glacier Grotto, fifty paces in length, and cut through solid masses of ice; on coming out of which, we ascended to the most elevated point of the whole passage, and found ourselves on every side surrounded by eternal snow. Here, and here only, that is, immediately previous to entering, and immediately after quitting the Glacier Grotto, the road was bad; not, however, in consequence of any radical defect; but merely because the cantonniers had neglected to clear the snow away. On the right of this spot, we discovered, beneath us, the ancient Hospice, now peopled by Monks belonging to the Grand S. Bernard; and, on the left, above us, the magnificent foundations of the new convent and barracks. We then passed the bridge of Senkelbach, and descended to the village of Simplon; noticing, in our way, a large reservoir of water; one part of which flows down into Italy, while the other irrigates France, by forming a ramification of the Rhone.'

'From the third Refuge to the sixth, which stands at the most elevated point of the passage, near the Barrier, we were two hours in going; and thence, to the inn at Simplon, half an hour. This inn is situated three thousand two hundred and sixteen Paris feet above the level of the Mediterranean sea; but neither here, nor even while passing the Glacier Gallery, and the heights beyond it, (which are four thousand six hundred and ninety Paris feet above the level of the Mediterranean,) did I experience the slightest sensation of cold. The day, however, (as has been already noticed,) was especially favourable; affording us continual sunshine, without one gust of wind;—agremens seldom met with by the Alpine traveller.'

At Florence, Mrs. Starke visited and gives an account of all the principal works of art. In a late review of

‘*Diary of an Invalid\**,’ we quoted the opinion of Mr. Matthews, that Canova’s talents as a sculptor had been overrated; and, from a passage which we shall quote, it appears that some of his works are not much esteemed. In the *Chiesa di Santa Croce*, among other specimens of sculpture, are the tombs of Michael Angelo, and other distinguished men:—

The second tomb on this side, is that of Filippo Buonaroti, the antiquary; the third, that of Pietro Michelli, called, by Linnaeus, “The Lynx of Botany;” the fourth, that of Vittorio Alfieri, by Canova; who has represented Italy mourning over the sarcophagus of the poet; which is adorned with masks, lyres, laurel-wreaths, and a head of Alfieri, in basso-relievo. The Florentines are not pleased with the shape of this monument; neither do they like the manner in which the figure of Italy is draped: and this last circumstance, united with the late public revolutions, gave birth to the following *jeu d’esprit*:—

“Canova questa volta l’ha sbagliata  
Fe l’Italia vestita ed è spogliata.”

We conclude our present notice, with the following anecdote of Lorenzo il Magnifico’s death, at the villa of *Correggi de Medici*:—

The water at this villa is peculiarly fine; owing, in some measure, to the following circumstance. When the great Lorenzo laboured under his last illness, a famous physician of Padua was summoned to attend him; he did so, and exerted his utmost skill; but to no purpose—Lorenzo died!—when some of his household, frantic with grief, met the unsuccessful physician, and threw him down the well in the quadrangle. The dead body was, of course, drawn up; and the well so nicely cleaned, that its water has, ever since, been super-excellent. It is remarkable, that the above-named physician, when resident at Padua, had his nativity cast, and was told he would be drowned: he, therefore, quitted Padua, whence he was frequently compelled to go by water to Venice, and came to settle at Florence, as a place where water-carriage was unnecessary; thus furnishing an example—

“—— That human foresight  
In vain essays to ‘scape th’ unerring stroke  
Of heaven-directed destiny!”

(To be continued.)

*Historical Documents and Reflections on the Government of Holland.* By Louis Bonaparte, Ex-King of Holland.

(Concluded from p. 310.)

THE third and concluding volume of this work commences with a political view of the state of Holland, at the commencement of the year 1809, at which time it was in a state of blockade, both by sea and land. The progress of the war in Spain,—the English expedition to Walcheren,—Bonaparte’s campaign in Austria,—his march into Russia, and disasters there, are all noticed; and some trifling errors into which the ex-king falls, are corrected by the translator. The visit of Louis to Paris,—the artful manner in which he was compelled to abdicate,—and the seizure of Holland by the French, are the concluding events recorded in the work. Although we think that Louis possessed many excellent qualities, yet he does not appear to have taken that comprehensive view of the state of affairs which they required; we suspect, too, he was too indolent, and fond of parade, and felt more pleasure in traversing the Dutch provinces, and receiving the congratulations and addresses of his new subjects, than in

\* See *Literary Chronicle*, p. 276.

acting in the cabinet, or concerting with the legislative authorities. Louis was only an amiable trifler. In a visit to Middleburg,—

The King remarked with pain and surprise, that many of the country-women, instead of bringing up their infants on their first and natural food, gave them cow’s milk and pap; and enjoined the ministers of religion, to use all their efforts to remove this abuse. He interrogated many of the Zealand women respecting this custom, and perceived with astonishment, that it was become a system among a people, whose women are almost without exception excellent mothers and faithful wives. The magistrates avowed the inutility of their endeavours to alter this practice. The women of Zealand are accustomed to wear a sort of half-veil of very fine linen, which falls over the back part of the head and the temples, but does not descend lower upon the face than the forehead, where it is fixed by a slip of gold, which the married women wear on one side of the forehead, and the unmarried on the other. Without infringing on this custom, the King ordered, that those women who suckled their infants should alone be permitted to wear a complete circle of gold on the forehead; and that three rich ornaments of this kind should be distributed annually to three mothers, who should have suckled the greatest number of infants.’

The French newspapers, particularly the *Journal de l’Empire*, had frequently severe articles against the King of Holland; of this he complained to his brother, when he received the following answer:—

“Brother,—I received your letter of the 1st of July. You complain of an article in the *Journal* \* \* \* \* : it is France that has reason to complain of the bad spirit prevalent in your country. If you wish me to name to you all the Dutch houses that are the trumpeters of England, it would be very easy. Your custom-house regulations are so badly executed, that all the correspondence of England with the continent is carried on through Holland. This is so true, that Mr. de Stahremberg, the Austrian envoy, passed through that country to reach London, \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* Holland is an English province!

“Your affectionate brother,  
“(Signed) NAPOLEON.”

In November, 1809, the sovereigns in alliance with France were ‘summoned to Paris,’ and the King of Holland, though much against his wishes, went among the rest. At the first interview with his brother, they had a warm dispute on the affairs of Holland; and he soon found the particular object for which he had been invited, no less than that of depriving him of his crown; and he now endeavoured to escape, but was too closely watched and guarded. In a second interview with his brother, a violent altercation ensued, when,—

“On a sudden the emperor changed his tone, and said to him coldly, ‘Very well! take your choice, either command the defence of Amsterdam, and dismiss Krayenhoff and Mollerus, or here is the decree of union, which I will send off immediately, and you shall return to Holland no more. It is indifferent to me that I be taxed with cruelty and injustice, provided my system advance; you are in my power.’

At sight of the decree of union, the King felt, that he must yield in spite of himself. After reflecting a few moments, he resolved to appease the storm at any price, and escape in the night, to get to Holland. He announced, therefore, that the two ministers, who had manifested too much zeal, should be dismissed; and that, if the Emperor would at length put an end to his attacks on Holland, and be reconciled to him, he would do what he could on his part.

On this he retired, reckoning upon setting off immediately. But it had not escaped the Emperor, that the King had reflected for some time in silence, before he gave his answer;

he suspected, or must have suspected, that his sudden change and complete submission, to use the word, were the consequence of a scheme: and he persevered in the system he had adopted towards Holland and its government. The King had scarcely returned to his mother's, before he saw the arrival of some picked gendarmes, who stationed themselves at the gate, and would not go away. They said they were there by immediate orders from the Emperor, having particular instructions, independent of the guard of grenadiers, that mounted constantly at the gate.

'He strongly felt this gratuitous insult, to which he was exposed as it were before the eyes of the sovereigns then at Paris. The King ought to have fled the day after his arrival, as he had perceived that there were no longer any hopes; but it was now too late,—all the measures of prevention were too well taken. It is true, that if he had fled the day after he came to Paris, he would have been accused of precipitancy and sickleness. Besides, he had promised to make every possible effort to defer the union; he made the whole question consist in the delay of this catastrophe.'

In the mean time, French troops were successively taking possession of the Dutch territories. The following are the terms which Napoleon, in a letter, demanded of his brother:—

'“1st. A prohibition of all trade and all communication with England.

'“2d. A fleet of fourteen ships of the line, seven frigates, and seven gun-brigs or sloops of war, manned and victualled.

'“3d. An army of 25,000 men.

'“4th. The suppression of the rank of marshal.

'“5th. The annihilation of all the privileges of the nobility contrary to the constitution, which I have given and guaranteed.

'“On these bases your Majesty may negotiate with the Duke of Cadore, through the medium of your minister; but be assured, that with the first packet-boat, the first vessel, that shall arrive in Holland, I shall revive the prohibition of the custom-houses; and at the first affront offered my flag, I will cause the first officer, who shall dare to insult my eagle, to be seized by force and hung up at the yard-arm. Your Majesty will find in me a brother, if I find in you a Frenchman; but should you be unmindful of the sentiments that attach you to our common country, you will not take it amiss, if I disregard those that nature has formed between us. To recapitulate what has been said; the union of Holland to France is the step that would be most useful to France, to Holland, and to the continent, for it would be most injurious to England. This union may be effected voluntarily, or by force. I have complaints enough against Holland, to declare war against it. However, I shall make no difficulty in acceding to an arrangement that will give me the boundary of the Rhine, and by which Holland shall engage to fulfil the conditions stipulated above.'

A treaty, with these conditions for its basis, was drawn up and signed by the King of Holland. 'This act,' he says, 'which was rather a capitulation, was imposed by the Emperor, signed by Verhuell, and ratified conditionally by the King, who added the words, "as far as possible." On the 3d of April, 1810, the King left Paris, and returned to his kingdom, where he soon found that all the concessions and sacrifices he had made to the ambition of his brother were of no avail, and that nothing but the entire union of Holland with France would satisfy him. French troops invested Amsterdam. The King resolved to defend it to the last extremity, to give the Frenchmen in his service leave to withdraw or remain,—to put on the order of the Legion of Honour,—and call the nation to arms. His marshals, Dumon-

ceau and de Winter, strongly represented to him the inutility of the defence of Amsterdam, and the short time it could continue:—

'From his house at Haarlem, he [the King] beheld the vast city of Amsterdam seated on a shoal, between two seas; and that to defend it, it was necessary to sink it entirely. By him stood his son, whose secure and smiling looks, while his father was so much agitated, seemed to disapprove a useless defence.

"I shall fall with glory," said he to himself: but on the other hand, nothing will remain of my ephemeral sovereignty; and my son, who may one day raise up Holland, and realize my plans for its advantage, will at once lose all, with so many thousands of families, who are at this moment in perfect tranquillity, ignorant of the storm that threatens them, and relying entirely on him whose duty it is to watch over them."

The King convened his ministers, who all gave their opinions against the defence; he then relinquished the idea, and abdicated the throne of Holland in favour of his two children. The young prince royal was acknowledged by the legislative body. 'He received, at Haarlem, the regency, and the deputation from the legislative body and the council of state, that went to pay their respects to him, and answered them with sensibility.' The French troops entered Amsterdam and Haarlem, and Louis quitted the kingdom.

The remainder of the volume, giving an account of his retirement, and of some of the events relating to France up to the year 1814, are sufficiently known, and present no new feature to entitle them to particular notice. When France was invaded by the allies, in 1814, the ex-king of Holland repaired to Paris; on which he received the following letter in the Emperor's own hand writing, and to which, however, he refused obedience:—

'“Brother, I have received your two letters, and am grieved to find that you have arrived at Paris without my permission. You are no longer King of Holland, since you have renounced the title, and I have united that country to France: you must think no more of it. The territories of the empire are invaded, and I have all Europe in arms against me. If you come as a French prince, as constable of the empire, to take your station round the throne, I will receive you, you will be my subject; in this capacity you will enjoy my friendship, and do what you can for the success of affairs. You must then have for me, for the King of Rome, for the Empress, what you ought to have. If, on the contrary, you persist in your notions of King and Dutchman, remove to the distance of forty leagues from Paris . . . . I will have no mixed situation, no third part. If you accept my offer, write me such a letter as I can cause to be printed.”'

To the remarks already made, we have nothing to add, but that, independent of the curious details which this work presents, it is a valuable contribution to the history of a very important period, and traces events with which we were well acquainted, to causes hitherto little known.

#### *Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq.*

(Continued from p. 303.)

IN resuming our extracts from the life of Mr. Edgeworth; we shall endeavour to avoid that idle gossiping with which so many of its pages are filled, nor insert an old Joe Miller if we are conscious of it, even though it should have the sanction of Mr. E.'s authority. It is not improbable that many of the anecdotes in these volumes had a freshness at the time Mr. Edgeworth wrote

his memoirs, yet, they have transpired, and are so well known that we wonder his daughter, to whom was left the task of revision, did not expunge them. Mr. Edgeworth's mechanical experiments, it has been already seen, were not very successful, indeed, he does not appear to have had the genius necessary for maturing any invention of importance; hence his projects about wheel carriages, telegraphs, &c. have all failed, although he sometimes took out a patent to secure the invention; his perseverance was, however, remarkable, for he made above a hundred working models of a wooden horse that was to leap over a high wall, none of which would accomplish the projects, yet he still hoped to succeed; but what mortified him most, was finding, after he had taken out a patent, that the 'rudiments of his whole scheme were mentioned in an obscure memoir of the French Academy.'

Mr. Edgeworth formed an acquaintance with Dr. Darwin, Mr. Bolton, of Birmingham, and the eccentric but benevolent Mr. Day, than whom he believes 'a more virtuous man never existed.' A singular scheme had long occupied the imagination of this amiable man, more romantic than any thing we meet with even in a novel:—

' Mr. Day resolved to breed up two girls, as equally as possible, under his own eye; hoping that they might be companions to each other while they were children, and that, before they grew up to be women, he might be able to decide, which of them would be most agreeable to himself for a wife. I was not with my friend, when he and Mr. Bicknel selected from a number of orphans, one of remarkably promising appearance. It was necessary, that the girl should be bound apprentice to some married man. I was the person, whom Mr. Day named, and to me Sabrina Sidney was apprenticed. Mr. Day called her Sabrina from the river Severn, and Sidney from his favourite, Algernon Sidney. On his return to London, he presented to me the little ward, who had been thus bound to me without my knowledge. I had such well merited confidence in Mr. Day, that I felt no repugnance against his being entrusted with the care of a girl, who had been thus put incidentally under my protection. In a few days he went to the Foundling Hospital, in London, and chose another girl, to whom he gave the name of Lucretia. He placed his wards in a widow's house, in some court near Chancery Lane, and immediately applied himself to their education. They were eleven and twelve years old, good humoured, and well disposed. Mr. Day's kindness soon made them willing to conduct themselves according to his directions. But a lodging in London was not a convenient or an agreeable scene, for such a plan as he intended to pursue; he therefore determined to take his pupils out of England, that he might avoid the inquiries and curiosity of his acquaintance. He accordingly removed from London, and shortly afterwards he sailed to France. I do not remember many of the circumstances of this journey. I know only, that he resided a considerable time at Avignon, where he excited much surprise by his mode of life, and by his opinions. But his simplicity of conduct, strict morality, uncommon generosity, and excellent understanding, soon removed these impressions; and both he and his pupils were treated with kindness and civility by the principal people in Avignon.'

' Mr. Day had as large a portion of national prejudice in favour of the people of England, and against the French, as any man of sense could have; it was therefore something strange, that he should take two young girls to that country, one of whom he destined to be his wife; but, upon reflection, it appears, that Mr. Day had a considerable advantage in being in this situation. From their total ignorance of the French language, an ignorance which he took no pains to remove, his pupils were not exposed to any impudent interference; and as that knowledge of the world, from which he wished to

preserve them, was at one entrance quite shut out, he had their minds entirely open to such ideas and sentiments, and such only, as he desired to implant. Mr. Day had an unconquerable horror of the empire of fashion over the minds of women; simplicity, perfect innocence, and attachment to himself, were at that time the only qualifications which he desired in a wife.'

' At his return to England, which happened, I believe, when I was out of that country, he parted with one of his pupils, finding her invincibly stupid, or at the best not disposed to follow his regimen. He gave her three or four hundred pounds, which soon procured her a husband, who was a small shopkeeper. In this situation she went on contentedly, was happy, and made her husband happy, and is, perhaps, at this moment, comfortably seated with some of her grandchildren on her knees. His other pupil, Sabrina Sidney, was, at Mr. Day's return from France, a very pleasing girl of thirteen. Her countenance was engaging. She had fine auburn hair, that hung in natural ringlets on her neck; a beauty, which was then more striking, because other people wore enormous quantities of powder and pomatum. Her long eyelashes, and eyes expressive of sweetness, interested all who saw her, and the uncommon melody of her voice made a favourable impression upon every person to whom she spoke.'

It was about this time that Mr. Edgeworth first became acquainted with the family of Sneyd; a family with whom his connexions was afterwards so immorally close. Mr. Day, successively, was in love with two of the Miss Sneyd's, but left them both to accompany Mr. Edgeworth to France. Mr. E. resided some time at Lyons, where he was appointed to superintend some public works. One or two anecdotes that occurred while here are worth noticing:—

' Among the trifling anecdotes that have remained in my memory, I may mention a repartee of a belle at Lyons, a Madame Bobu. This lady had given some offence to M. de Verpillier, the major of Lyons. At a Masquerade, the major discovered this lady in her disguise, and accosted her in a sarcastic tone, with a quotation from the syllables of the Primer;—"Comment vous portez vous, Madame Ba-Be-Bi-Bo-Bu?"—She answered, "Tres bien! Monsieur Ca-Ce-Ci-Co-Cu."—A sarcasm which was not applied at hazard.

' A few more slight anecdotes will mark the manners of that day at Lyons, and the good and bad qualities apparent in the different ranks of society. An English gentleman, who seemed to be very popular among his companions, had brought himself into sudden distress by an unlucky run at play. He was arrested, while he was entertaining several of his countrymen at dinner. Not one of them interfered in his favour; but when he retired from the room, a valet de place, who had lived with him for two years, offered him a purse, containing more than the debt for which he was arrested, telling him, that he had earned that money by the English, and that it could not be better employed, than by saving a gentleman of that country from disgrace. The offer was accepted, and the English gentleman soon afterwards repaid the sum, with the addition of a handsome present.'

' About this time a fatal catastrophe, that befel two lovers, made a great noise at Lyons. A young painter, of considerable eminence, came there, in company with a woman of uncommon beauty, who was his mistress. There was something remarkably attractive in both the man and the woman, and their company was sought for with the utmost enthusiasm by all the young men of that city.'

' The urbanity, liveliness, and good nature of the young painter, were extolled in every company. Both he and the lady sang and played well on several instruments; and, by a variety of other talents which they exercised without ostentation, they made what is called in France a great *sensation*. Their mutual fondness kept all pretenders to the lady's fa-

vour quite at a distance, while it excited a lively interest among their acquaintance.

'There was still, however, something mysterious in their conduct towards each other, that induced an indefinite kind of suspicion. In the midst of gaiety or mirth, a look, or a sigh, betrayed a secret anxiety. This anxiety gradually increased, notwithstanding the pains which were taken to conceal it. After some months, the stranger and his mistress invited all their acquaintance to a handsome supper, which they gave at taking leave of their friends, before their intended departure for Lyons. When they bade farewell, they shewed great emotion, and hastily withdrew before their friends departed.

'There is, near a convent at Lyons, a place which was called the tomb of the two lovers.—On this spot the bodies of the strangers were found the next morning.—They had shot each other with pistols, the triggers of which were so connected by a red riband, as to go off at the same moment. At first no trace of their history, or motive for their conduct, could be discovered; but at length it was ascertained, that the man laboured under some incurable disease, to which the physicians had convinced him he must fall a sacrifice within a given period. His mistress had determined to live no longer than her lover: they had, therefore, converted whatever they possessed into ready money, which they agreed to spend in the manner most congenial to their tastes; and as soon as their funds should be exhausted, which they had calculated would last to the predicted period when his disease must end his life, they had resolved to destroy themselves. They had projected various means of accomplishing this fatal purpose; poison or drowning had been proposed, and had been rejected, because they could not be certain that they should both cease to exist at the same moment.'

In 1773, Mr. Edgeworth married his second wife, Miss Honora Sneyd, of Litchfield; but Mr. Day's attachment to her sister, Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, had terminated unsuccessfully. This gentleman determined on marrying his protégé, Sabrina; but on account of her neglecting some trifling restriction respecting her dress, which he had enjoined, he broke off the match for ever. He afterwards married a Miss Milnes, and went to live at Hampstead. She was an amiable woman, and the match was as happy a one, as a person of Mr. Day's temperament could be expected to make it.

Miss Honora Sneyd did not live long after her marriage with Mr. Edgeworth; she did not, however, quit this life without expressing a very singular wish, which was neither more nor less than that Mr. Edgeworth should marry her sister. We should have been happy to have found an act violating equally the laws of religion, of nature, and of the land, had been confined to Mr. E. He says,—

'I felt that Honora had judged wisely, and from a thorough knowledge of my character, when she had advised me to marry again, as soon as I could meet with a woman who would make a good mother to my children, and an agreeable companion to me. She had formed an idea, that her sister Elizabeth was better suited to me than any other woman; and thought that I was equally well suited to her. Of all Honora's sisters I had seen the least of Elizabeth. After she had declined my friend Mr. Day's addresses, I understood, that a gentleman, of a figure and manners uncommonly agreeable, was attached to her; and that she was not indifferent towards him. This gentleman had gone abroad, and it had been supposed, that, at some distant period, if he returned in circumstances sufficiently affluent, their marriage would be concluded. Notwithstanding this, Honora had spoken to her sister on the subject then nearest to her heart. Miss Elizabeth Sneyd expressed the strongest surprise at this suggestion. Not only because I was her sister's husband, and because she had another attachment, but independently of these

circumstances, as she distinctly said, I was the last man of her acquaintance that *she* should have thought of for a husband; and certainly, notwithstanding her beauty, abilities, and polished manners, I believed that she was as little suited to me.'

In 1780, Mr. Edgeworth married, for the third time, the sister of his last wife, Miss Elizabeth Sneyd. This is one of the last events in his life which he records, and, for his own sake, we wish it had been one more to his credit.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

*Ivanhoe; or, the Jewess. A Chivalric Play, in Three Acts. Founded on the Popular Romance of 'Ivanhoe.'* By W. T. Moncrieff, Author of 'Wanted a Wife,' 'Rochester,' &c. 8vo. pp. 80. London, 1820.

A CONDEMNED play, or a play that has never been acted, seldom attracts much attention, unless from some extraordinary circumstances attending it, as in the case of the 'Italians' for instance. The novel on which Mr. Moncrieff has founded his play, was very eagerly seized by several dramatic writers, and, we believe, pieces grafted on it played at five theatres in London at the same time. Of these pieces there have been but two that have kept their footing on the stage, one produced at Covent Garden, and one more deservedly popular, written by Mr. Dibdin, and performed at the Surrey Theatre, for a great number of nights. Whether Mr. Moncrieff was too late in the field, which was already fully occupied, or that his play was rejected, we know not. In an amusing advertisement, he says, 'I have a strong suspicion my drama will prove the best that may appear on the subject, from the circumstance of its containing less *original* matter than any other; and the few *improvements* I have attempted on my text;' and he candidly acknowledges that he has 'scarcely written fifty lines of it.' We must, indeed, acknowledge that he has adhered very closely to the language, plot, and incidents of the novel; and, therefore, whatever dramatic merit the one possessed, must belong in a great measure to the other; we think, however, that had he been less fastidious in this respect, his play had been improved; for many of the scenes which were intolerably heavy in the novel, have not lost it in the play; nor was it necessary to take so much of the story as Mr. M. has done, especially as his play is much too long. We must, however, admit, that he has managed the plot judiciously, and that some of the scenes possess a high degree of dramatic interest.

1. *Deism Refuted; or, Plain Reasons for being a Christian.* By Thomas Hartwell Horne, M. A. of St. John's College, Cambridge. Fifth Edition. 12mo. pp. 81. London, 1820.

2. *Reason paying Homage to Revelation, in the Confession of a Deist at the Gates of Death: with Reflections.* By John Cooke, Minister of the Gospel, Maidenhead, Berks. 8vo. pp. 66. Maidenhead, 1820.

WE have coupled these two works together, as they relate to the same subject, and both have already received the stamp of public approbation in an extensive sale. To stop the alarming progress of infidelity, must be the wish of every good man. The manner in which it has lately shown its daring front, has called forth the pens of di-

vines and the exercise of the laws. We certainly should be much more happy that deists were reclaimed by the former; with some, however, it is in vain to argue, but we know 'a blow will fell him, who a reason flies.'

Mr. Horne is well known to the public as an excellent biblical scholar, and the author of 'An Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures,' a work which has been deservedly honoured with the highest praise. 'Deism Refuted' is partly abridged from what has been said on the subject in that work, with collections from various other authorities. It is, indeed, a brief but a complete manual of Christianity, and an able refutation of the pernicious doctrines of Deism.

Mr. Cooke's pamphlet contains an account of the last moments of a Deist, whom he conceals under the name of Medicus; it is an affecting narrative, and interspersed with the judicious reflections of the author, is well calculated to make a favourable impression on all who read it; indeed, he mentions an instance of good that a copy of the first edition had effected. We recommend both these tracts to all Christians, and still more particularly to all Deists,—'since the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.'

## Original Communications.

### ORIGINAL STORY OF 'KING LEAR.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—As the attention of the public has of late been recalled in a particular manner to the tragedy of *Lear*, it may not be uninteresting to revert for a moment, to the original story, on which this celebrated production is founded. For, of all the immortal works of our great bard, there is none more calculated to excite our concern, or to engage our sympathies than this,—none, in which the mighty resources of his transcendent genius are more eminently displayed,—whether we regard its variety of character, its contrasted and conflicting passions, or the rapid succession of its interesting events. Every particular, therefore, connected with the tragedy of *Lear*, ought to be of some importance to the admirers of its unrivalled author; and, above all, to trace to their source the materials of which he availed himself in the structure of this finished work, cannot fail to be gratifying.

The commentators on Shakespeare, have generally agreed in ascribing the story of *Lear* to Geoffrey of Monmouth, as its original author, from whom or from some old legends borrowed from his book, they conclude, that our great poet derived his information. And, in this latter point, they are, no doubt, correct; but they have been all wrong, in assigning the parentage of this history to Geoffrey of Monmouth. The work, that goes under his name, is merely a Latin translation, and that too extremely corrupt, of an ancient Welsh history, entitled '*Brut y Brenhinoedd*', or Chronicle of the Kings, written by Tysilio, a Welsh bishop, at the close of the seventh century, and so called, because it gives a history of all the Kings of Britain, from Brutus down to Cadwaladr, the last nominal sovereign, who abdicated the throne in the year 686. There are several MS. copies, and some of great antiquity, of this Chronicle, from which it may be proved, that Geoffrey's version abounds in unwarrantable interpolations, and other errors. But, it would occupy

too much time at present, even if this were the proper occasion, to enter into the general vindication of the Welsh Chronicle. I shall, therefore, confine myself to the particular purpose of this letter, which is to offer a literal translation of that part of it, which contains the story of *Lear*, that genuine and original account, to which all others must ultimately be traced. And yet, strange to say, not one of the English commentators on Shakespeare seems to have been aware, even of the existence of such a document.

The following translation is made from a very old MS., (though not the most ancient extract) preserved amongst the Cotton Collection, in the British Museum; and, I hope, when all circumstances are considered, that its length will not be an obstacle to its insertion in your journal. I shall preserve the names as they occur in the original, subjoining, however, such few notes, as may be necessary for their explanation, or for elucidating any other parts that may appear to require it. And, I will only add here, that the tragedy of Shakespeare will be found to vary in several particulars from the Chronicle of Tysilio.

ORDOVEX.

*London, May 10th, 1820.*

'After Bleiddud came Llyr\*, his son, to be King, and he governed in peace and tranquillity for five-and-twenty years; and he built a city upon the river Soram, which he called Caer Llyr, and, in another language, Leir Cestyr†. And he had no son, but three daughters, whose names where Goronilla, Regan, and Cordeilla‡; and their father had excessive fondness for them, yet he loved the youngest daughter more than the other two. Thereupon, he considered how he might leave his dominions amongst his daughters after him. Wherefore he designed to prove which of his daughters loved him the most in particular, so that he might bestow upon that one the best part of the island. And he called to him Goronilla, his eldest daughter, and asked her how much she loved her father. Whereupon, she swore to heaven, and to the earth, that she loved her father dearer than she loved her own soul; and he believed then that this was true, and bequeathed to her the third part of the island, and the man she should most prefer in the isle of Britain, to be her husband. After that, he called to him Regan, his second daughter, and asked her how much she loved her father; and she too, swore by the powers of heaven and earth, that she could not, by her tongue, declare how much she loved her father. He then believed this to be the truth, and left to her the third part of the isle of Britain, together with the man she should choose in the island for her husband. And then he called to him Cordeilla, his youngest daughter, and whom he loved the most of all, and he asked her how much she loved her father, to which she answered, "I do not think there is a daughter, who loves a father more than she ought, and I have loved thee through life as a father, and will love thee still. And, Sir, if thou must know, how much thou art loved, it is according to the extent of thy power, and thy prosperity, and thy courage." And thereat he was moved with anger, and said, since it is thus, that thou hast de-

\* Lear.

† Most probably Leicester, which Nennius, in his 'Historia Brittonum,' calls 'Caer Lleirou, a name not unlike the one here used.'

‡ Shakspeare has softened these names into Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia.

spised my old age, so as not to love me equally with thy sisters, I will adjudge thee to have no share of the isle of Britain. Thereupon, without delay, he gave to his two eldest daughters the two princes; namely, the Prince of Cornwall, and that of Scotland\*, and half the kingdom with them, whilst the King lived; and, after his death, the island in two parts between them. And, when the rumour of this was spread over the face of the countries, Aganippus, King of France, heard of the wisdom of Cordeilla, and of her form and beauty; he, therefore, sent ambassadors to the isle of Britain, to demand of the King, Cordeilla, his daughter, to be his wife. And he promised her, and declared to the ambassadors, that he should not have any territory or other wealth with her from the Isle of Britain. And Aganippus said, that he was not in want of his territory or his riches, but of his noble and illustrious daughter, to beget of her honourable heirs; but there was no delay before Aganippus took the maid in marriage; and no one in that age beheld a maid so fair and so wise as she.

After a length of time had elapsed, and Llyr was beginning to be feeble from age, his sons-in-law came with his two daughters, and subdued the island from one sea to the other, and they divided the island and the government between them two. This was after the deluge 1460 years. Thereupon, Maglon, Prince of Scotland, took the King to him, with forty knights in his train, to be maintained at his own charge. But two years were scarcely concluded, before Goronilla grew displeased on account of her father's retinue; and she came to him, and desired that he would dismiss the whole of such retinue except twenty knights, observing, that that number was sufficient for a person who was not concerned in wars, or any weighty affairs. Thereupon, Llyr became enraged with his daughter for slighting him to such a degree, and he quitted the court of Maglon, and repaired to that of Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall, expecting to have his dignity and rank better supported there than in the court of Maglon. And Henwyn received him joyfully, and treated him honourably, as he ought. But a year and a month had not quite elapsed before Regaw, his daughter, grew angry with him on account of the greatness of his train, and desired him to send away the whole thereof except five knights, and declared, that she would maintain only so many in his retinue, and which she deemed sufficient. After he had been obliged to dismiss his knights, he became grieved for the loss of his former dignity, and he returned a second time to his eldest daughter, expecting that she would have compassion on him, and would preserve him his dignity. And, thereupon, she swore by the powers of heaven and earth, that she would maintain only one knight with him, and that was enough for her to do, as the knights of her lord were at his command. And, since he could obtain nothing by his entreaties, he sent away all his knights excepting one, who continued with him. Then, after meditating upon his former rank, which he had lost, he became oppressed with cares, and sorrowful almost unto death. Then the words of his daughters and their professions came upon his mind; and thereupon he knew, that what was said to him by Cordeilla, his daughter, was

true, and according to his prosperity, his power, and his wealth, would he be beloved.

On this, he bethought himself, that he would visit Cordeilla, his daughter, to implore her mercy, and to see if he could obtain any kind of assistance from her, towards recovering his dominion. And, after he had gone off to sea with three attendants, bewailing his affliction and wretchedness, he exclaimed, with weeping and groaning, after this manner;—“Oh, Heavens! why did ye exalt me to the summit of honour, since it is more painful to remember honour, after it is lost, than to suffer want without the experience of prosperity! Gods of heaven and earth, let the time yet arrive, when I may be able to retaliate upon the persons who have reduced me to this distress! Ah, Cordeilla, my beloved daughter, how truly didst thou say to me, “as my power, and my possessions, and my wealth might be, so should I be respected,” and, for what thou didst speak, I became offended with thee. Oh, my beloved daughter, in what way shall I be able, for shame, to approach thee now, after having suffered thee to go away from the Isle of Britain so destitute as I have done?” continuing to lament his pain and wretchedness in this manner, he came near to Paris, the city wherein his daughter was; and he sent a messenger to her to announce that he was coming,—a poor, weak, afflicted man, to implore her mercy to see her. When she heard this, she wept, and enquired how many knights there were with him. The messenger declared, there was but one squire: she then wept more bitterly than before, and sent him gold and silver, desiring that he should go privately as far as Amiad\*, or to some other city that he might think proper, to take perfumes and baths, and precious ointments, and to change his condition, his ornaments and garments, and to take with him forty knights, in the same dress as himself. And, when they should be completed and ready, he was to send a messenger to Aganippus, King of France, to announce to him his coming, after having been disgracefully expelled by his two sons-in-law from the Isle of Britain, and to implore his aid to regain possession of his dominion.

All that did Llyr do as Cordeilla, his daughter, had desired him. And, when the messenger came to announce to the King, that Llyr was coming to have an interview with him, he was rejoiced; and he came to meet him with a fair and splendid retinue, to a great distance from the city, proceeding till Llyr met him; and, thereupon, they alighted, and embraced affectionately, and proceeded to Paris. And there they dwelt together for a long time, happily and joyfully. When the disgrace of Llyr, in the Isle of Britain, was told to Aganippus, he was greatly affected; and thereupon, it was agreed in council to assemble the armies of France, and to subdue the island again. And then, Aganippus gave the government of France to Llyr, whilst he should be assembling the remote parts. When their forces and necessaries were ready, it was agreed in council to send Cordeilla with Llyr, lest the French should not be obedient to Llyr. And Aganippus commended the French, as they valued their souls, and at their peril, to be as obedient to Llyr and to his daughter as they would be to himself.

When they had taken leave, they set off towards the Isle of Britain. And against them came Maglon, Prince of Scotland, and Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall, with all their power, and fought gallantly and severely with them;

\* I do not know what town is here meant, unless it be Amiens.

\* The Welsh name for Scotland, used in the original, is *Alban*, whence came the *Albany* of Shakspeare. The name of the prince, however, as appears from the sequel, was *Maglon*, and the Prince of Cornwall was *Henwyn*.

but, owing to the French being so numerous, it did not avail them, for they were put to flight and pursued, and a multitude of them slain. And Llyr and his daughter subdued the island before the end of the year, from one sea to another, and chased his two sons-in-law away out of the island.

'And, after the Isle of Britain had been conquered by Llyr, a messenger came from France, to inform Cordeilla of the death of Aganippus; and she took that very heavily to heart, and from thenceforth she preferred dwelling in the Isle of Britain, with her father, than return to France on her dowry. Whereupon, after they had reduced the island to them, they governed it for a long time in peace and quietness, until Llyr died. And, after his death, he was honourably buried in a temple, which he had himself built in Caer Llyr, under the river Soram, to the honour of some God, who was called *Janus Bifrons*. And, upon the festival of that temple, all the craftsmen of the city used to come to honour it, and then they would begin every work, that was to be taken in hand to the conclusion of the year.

\* After the decease of Llyr, Cordeilla took the government of the Isle of Britain; and she managed it for five years in peace and tranquillity, and in the sixth year rose her two nephews, sons of her sisters, who were young men of great fame, namely, Margan, the son of Maglon, Prince of Scotland, and Cunedda, the son of Henwyn, Prince of Cornwall. And they assembled an army, and made war on Cordeilla; and, after frequent conflicts between them, they subdued the island, and took her and confined her in prison. And, when she thought of her former grandeur, which she had lost, and that there remained no hopes that she should be again restored, out of excessive anguish she killed herself, which was done by stabbing herself with a knife under her breast, so that she lost her soul. And, thereupon, it was adjudged, that it was the foulest death of any for a person to kill himself. This happened a thousand and five hundred years after the deluge \*.'

#### CARDINAL WOLSEY'S CHAIR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Trusting that the following piece of information may not be unacceptable to the numerous readers of your highly interesting publication, you are at liberty to give it general publicity. I remain, yours, &c.

#### A CONSTANT READER.

Happening in my travels the other day, to call in at a coffee-house at the west end of the town, I had some conversation with a gentleman, who kindly took me to his

\* I have purposely abstained from noticing the various parts of this story, which have not been preserved in the tragedy, as they must be sufficiently obvious to all readers of Shakspeare; nor have I, on the other hand, thought it necessary to advert to those passages in the play which have been engrafted upon the original. Such, for instance, are the episode of Gloucester and his sons, taken from Sidney's 'Arcadia,' and the character of the Steward, borrowed from the 'Mirrour of Magistrates.' It may be requisite, however, to remark, that the poet has not adhered to the genuine story in killing Cordelia as he has done, during the life of her father, on which account Tate's attention, in this respect, has the merit, not only of being more consonant, as Johnson properly observes, with our natural ideas of justice, but also, of being more faithful to the original. Llyr, or Lear, was, according to Tysilio's account, the eleventh King of Britain.—ORDOVEX.

house, and shewed an antique chair, bought by his father, a Mr. Scott, late proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre, at a sale of goods at Esher Palace, and said to have formerly belonged to Cardinal Wolsey, and of which assertion there does not appear the smallest doubt of the truth; its construction is somewhat similar to Gay's chair, having numerous and very intricate drawers, &c. An hundred guineas has already been offered and refused.

Bond Street, 15th May.

#### SPANISH ANECDOTES.

*Ferdinand at Valentia.*—Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, on his release from his captivity in France, stopped a few days at Valentia, on his progress towards Madrid. He was there joined by some members of the *corps diplomatique*. Amongst others was Sir Henry Wellesley, our ambassador, who was lodged at the house of a highly respectable English agent. General Roach, an Irish gentleman in the Spanish service, lived under the same roof. One morning, when they were at breakfast, a messenger, despatched by the Duke of Wellington, arrived with the important intelligence of the battles of Toulouse and Paris, and of the downfall of Napoleon. Sir H. Wellesley instantly retired to prepare himself for waiting on the King of Spain. General Roach, who had been informed of the contents of the despatches, anxious to be the first messenger of these joyful tidings, swiftly repaired to the royal residence; the Duke of Infantado was in waiting, and the general had some difficulty in obtaining an audience. He was introduced to the presence of his master just at the close of his breakfast.—At that moment, Ferdinand and the Infant Don Carlos, were preparing themselves, rather in a singular way, for the important duties they were about to fulfil. A large vase, with gold fish, was placed between them; the august personages, each armed with a quill, were employed in pricking one of the fishes, and his antagonist was to touch the same. The general announced the events that had astonished Europe.—His most Catholic Majesty, quite unmoved at the recital, calmly said, 'and is this all?' and the fish diversion was resumed. The general retired, and was probably rather disappointed; for he was not promoted afterwards. In a few days afterwards the constitution was enrolled.

*Myguiz, the celebrated Spanish Tragedian.*—Whilst the Spanish nation made that noble stand to assert their independence, patriotic songs and dramatic performances, calculated to keep that enthusiastic feeling alive, were warmly patronised. No production answered that purpose so well as the tragedy of *Pelajo*. It must be recollecting, that when the Moors had nearly conquered all Spain, Pelajo, at the head of a few faithful followers, retired to the mountains of the Austurias, and successfully resisted the attacks of the Moslems. Such a point of history could not but afford the tragic author numerous opportunities of introducing *tirades* glowing with the love of liberty, and a determined hatred to tyranny. At that period, Myguiz was, on the Madrid stage, a star of the first magnitude. Those who have seen, and who could understand him, have been convinced that he could stand a fair comparison with either Kemble, Talma, or Kean. He was feelingly alive to the misfortunes of his country, and he used to deliver in the most impressive way, those sentiments of devoted patriotism with which the tragedy abounded. Ferdinand returned to Madrid,—and My-

guiz did not abate his energy of delivery ; *by order*, the tragedy was withdrawn—he was arrested—conducted to the inquisition of Grenada,—and, in a few months, the patriot and the man of genius expired in a dungeon.

## Biography.

ARTHUR YOUNG, ESQ. F. R. S.

*Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, &c.*

ARTHUR Young, a gentleman who for many years has been so intimately connected with the agriculture of this country, was born at Bradfield Hall, in Suffolk, an estate consisting of about two hundred acres of land, on which his family had resided nearly two centuries, and which, until the days of his father, was their only dependance. He was a younger son, and being intended for trade, was apprenticed in early life to a wine merchant at Lynn, in Norfolk ; but he did not remain long in this situation, for, in 1761, he exchanged the drudgery of the counting house for a sphere more congenial to his taste,—the cultured field, and we find him farming Bradfield Hall for the family.

Young, eager, and totally ignorant, excepting probably of theories, which he was not yet of sufficient age to digest, he plunged headlong into a course of costly experiments, choosing at the same time the most infallible method that could possibly be devised of ensuring their failure, by entrusting them to the practical skill of a common bailiff. The heavy losses and disappointments which he experienced, although a more common practical man would have cultivated the same land to considerable advantage, compelled him, for the interests of the family, to relinquish the farm.

Happily for the agriculture of this country, and indeed, of the European world, the mind of Arthur Young was too steady in its favourite pursuit, and too confident of its own powers, to be subdued by this unfortunate beginning. As a second attempt, in that, which afterwards became his profession, he took a farm in the neighbouring county of Essex, known by the name of Sampford Hall, but he was unfortunately prevented from taking possession, by being disappointed of a loan of money which he had been promised, and he was ultimately obliged to forfeit his agreement.

Stimulated to new exertions by this second disappointment, Mr. Young determined to travel in search of a proper spot, on which he might commence business, with a probable chance of success. The farm which he at length fixed upon, was situated near North Mimms, in Hertfordshire, but here he was again unsuccessful, and nine years' cultivation repaid him nothing but experience and heavy losses. He now retired once more to his paternal home, Bradfield Hall, of which, in consequence of his mother dying soon after, he came into possession as heir to the estate. This gave him that independence so congenial with his laudable ambition, and so necessary to his views. He was now no longer farming for his subsistence, or making experiments solely for his own advantage. He now became a successful author, and began to reap the most solid advantages from that too generally precarious profession. He commenced his tours, thinking he could serve the cause of agriculture and his country

better by an actual survey, pointing out the most prominent errors, and recommending the most advantageous practice, through the grand and effectual medium of the press, than by his own solitary example, fixed to one confined spot.

In the course of the years 1776, 1779, during successive visits, he made his tour in Ireland, which he published in the year 1780. The fame of this great apostle of husbandry, became so widely diffused, that he attracted the notice of the whole body of landed proprietors, and Lord Kingsborough prevailed on him to remain upwards of twelve months at Cork, where he was occupied in arranging and leasing out his lordship's estate.

In the year 1784, he commenced his well known ‘Annals of Agriculture,’ which was published in monthly numbers for many succeeding years. In this work, the author, according to his original proposal, has given the results of his own practice and opinions, joined with those of many of the ablest cultivators in the country, upon almost every agricultural topic, with an occasional introduction of the subjects of political economy, commerce, and finance.

Whether the idea of making an agricultural tour through France, had originally occurred to Mr. Young, or was first suggested by some French gentlemen visiting England, with the view of inspecting our moral economy, does not appear ; but he accepted the invitation of M. Lazowski, and the Duc de la Rouchefoucault, to accompany them in a journey to the Pyrenees. This first excursion to France took place in the year 1787, and Mr. Young returned to London in the winter, in order to be present at the parliamentary discussion on the wool bill, a national object, in which he had deeply interested himself. His last tour was made in 1789, which completed his travels in France, and the account he has since published of that country, contains a vast body of important and useful information.

The intermediate space between this period and the date of his appointment as Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, was occupied, as has been the whole life of Mr. Young, in pursuits of the most useful nature to his country. He was engaged either upon his own farm, or in making practical observations in various parts of Great Britain ; indeed, his numerous publications well attest how completely his time must have been occupied, and how small a portion of so valuable a life has been withdrawn from the public service.

When Sir John Sinclair succeeded in prevailing on Mr. Pitt to establish the Board of Agriculture, he had also interest enough to secure the nomination of Mr. Young to the place of secretary, with a salary of 600l. a-year. Although there was not a person in the United Kingdom, whom public opinion would so readily have selected out for the office as Mr. Young, yet he was most wantonly and unjustly accused of corrupt motives in accepting it.

It is somewhat remarkable, that Mr. Young was so convinced of the fruitlessness of Sir John Sinclair's efforts in his favour, that while the affair remained in suspense, he offered to stake a set of the ‘Annals of Agriculture,’ against a copy of the ‘Statistical Account of Scotland,’ (a fair and appropriate wager between two literary men) on the event.

In his answer to a letter from Sir John Sinclair, assuring him that, in consequence of an appointment with Mr.

Pitt, he might expect to lose his bet, and that he had better send a copy of the Annals to the binder, Mr. Young said ‘you are going to Mr. Pitt, and I am to lose the wager; when you come from Mr. Pitt I shall have won it. Pray don’t give ministers more credit than they deserve. In manufactures and commerce, you may bet securely, but they never did, and never will do any thing for the plough. Your Board of Agriculture will be in the moon. If on earth, remember I am to be Secretary.’

We now find Mr. Young truly in his element, conducting the business of a Board, instituted expressly for the purpose of extending and improving his constant and favourite object, the national agriculture; and waiving all observations on the utility of the institution itself, or of the general conduct of the board, it is but justice to say, that the secretary has been indefatigable in his exertions, for the accomplishment of the views which constituted the ostensible grounds of this legislative measure.

Mr. Young has continued from the first, to take a principal and active share in all the transactions of the Board of Agriculture, independent of the mere duties of its secretary. He has personally made and published an account of his survey of the two counties of Suffolk and Lincoln; also of the waste lands in various parts of England, under the authority of the Board; and he has been the instrument of adopting many excellent regulations and improvements, particularly with respect to the breed and management of cattle.

Mr. Young pretended not to the merit of original discovery, either in respect to new practices, new instruments, new vegetables, or new varieties of animals. Tull and Ellis, and the most eminent rural philosophers of the continent, had preceded him; and their theories, which Young has taught, and their practices which he has inculcated, were known long before his day, although they prevailed within a very narrow circle; it has been his great merit to recommend and universally spread them, to prove their truth and utility by actual experiments of his own, and it must be acknowledged, that the great mass of our agricultural improvements during the last half century, have been owing to the unceasing and enthusiastic exertions of this patriotic individual. It is, however, remarkable, and is a subject on which he has been severely censured, that he has uniformly, and rather pertinaciously, opposed the practice of ‘drill husbandry,’ even after the importance and benefit of that mode of cultivation had been clearly ascertained.

Independent of the great number of articles which Mr. Young wrote in his ‘Annals,’ and many anonymous pamphlets written on the spur of particular public occasions, we have a list before us of no less than forty-five distinct works to which he has affixed his name. These relate almost exclusively to Agriculture and Political Economy. As a writer, Mr. Young did not rank high, so far as relates to style of composition; he seldom took more pains with his works than to render them perspicuous, and in this he generally succeeded. His politics, which savoured very strongly of toryism, underwent some change during the latter period of his life; and perhaps this is the only subject, in which his conduct, through a long life, is liable to the slightest censure.

Mr. Young, though far advanced in years, continued to hold the situation of Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, until his death, which occurred on the 12th of April,

at his residence in Sackville Street. He was in the seventy-ninth year of his age, and for the last ten years had been deprived of sight. His remains were interred in the churchyard of Bradfield, where the principal of his ancestors, during two hundred years, sleep in peace.

The striking features in Mr. Young’s character were, an ardent industry, indefatigable perseverance, and a lively imagination. His manners and address were peculiarly pleasing, his conversation highly animated and instructive; his countenance strongly marked his decision of character, and the strength of his understanding. He was kind and benevolent, and few persons with so limited an income, conferred greater benefits in the neighbourhood where he resided.

### Londiniana,

No. X.

#### HISTORY OF THE CECILIAN SOCIETY.

‘From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began.’ *Dryden.*

THE Cecilian Society, like many others which have risen into great importance, was formed by a few individuals. A teacher of vocal music, of the name of Husband, had several pupils, whom he instructed in the science of harmony, and wishing to bring them forward to sing in concert, he invited his musical friends to meet at his house to practise anthems, that his pupils, when able, might have an opportunity of joining them. Their weekly meetings were well attended, and frequently gentlemen would bring their instruments to lead the choir. At length, as improvement was made, and numbers increased, the place was found inconvenient, and one of their friends offered them the use of a larger room, one evening in the month, with the use of a harpsichord, and suitable stands for instruments, to perform those pieces previously practised. After a time, the meeting became so well attended, that it was determined to seek for a larger place, and to form themselves into a society, and to take the name of the ‘Cecilian Society.’ Having found a convenient room at the Saracen’s Head Inn, Friday Street, they procured an organ, and opened it with subscriptions, for the admission of their friends. This was at Michaelmas, in the year 1788. They were soon able to get up the oratorio of the *Messiah*, complete, among themselves, and, as they could procure copies, ventured to perform others of Handel’s oratorios, of the more popular parts of which they soon became masters. About this time, there were other societies of a similar nature, the chief of which, was the Handelian\*, whose members met in Wych Street, with a view of qualifying themselves to perform at Westminster Abbey, where were annual concerts in the very first style of sublimity and grandeur. These concerts were first begun in honour of Handel, on the year of his jubilee. They continued many years, and are still fresh in the remembrance of many now living. Some of these concerts consisted of upwards of fourteen hundred performers. The Handelian Society, after a few years, was broke up, by an action being laid against them for holding Sunday evening concerts. From the remains of that society ori-

\* An amateur concert of this name, has been recently established at Walworth.

ginated that of the Choral Fund, patronized by Dr. Arnold.

At Midsummer, 1789, the room of the Cecilian Society was enlarged, and in the following year, Mr. Elliott painted a full length portrait of St. Cecilia, sitting at her organ, and presented it to the society, which was placed on the ceiling over the orchestra. In October, 1791, a new organ was opened by a public performance to a numerous and respectable auditory. In the course of the evening, a concerto was played by Mr. Russell, the organist to the society. At Michaelmas, 1792, they removed to Plasterer's Hall, Addle Street, having raised an orchestra to join the music gallery, which rendered the whole exceedingly complete. At this place they continued some years, and their concerts were crowded. Here they would have remained, but for some misunderstanding between them and the proprietor of the Hall. It was some time before they could find a place sufficiently large to suit their purpose. Hearing the Painters' Company proposed letting their Hall, the Society applied for it, and opened it on the 26th September, 1798. About this time, Mr. Russell wrote the music to an 'Ode to Harmony,' by Peck, an 'Ode for St. Cecilia's Day,' by Smart; an 'Ode to the Genius of Handel;' a 'Jubilate;' an 'Ode to Music,' by Vincent, the highly respectable and worthy president; an oratorio, 'the Redemption of Israel.' Here also once or twice was performed, Dr. Busby's piece, 'the Prophecy.' His son afterwards became organist to the Society. Here they held the meetings till Michaelmas, 1810, when the Painters wished to retain their Hall for their exclusive use. At Michaelmas, 1811, the Society opened a concert room in Wilson Street, which had formerly been a chapel. In September, 1816, they left this place, as it was sold, and wanted for other purposes. Their next removal was to Coachmaker's Hall, where they still continue their concerts, from 8 to 10 o'clock every Thursday evening, and which are well attended. Their present organist, Mr. J. C. Nightingale, has produced several pieces, which have been occasionally performed, the principal of which is 'Vincent's Ode to Nature.'

This Society has been a good school for musicians of every class. Some public singers have emanated from it, and several eminent professors have promptly acknowledged, that the celebrity they have obtained has been owing to the practice they have had among them \*. The chorus have assisted gratuitously for public charities, occasionally, particularly for the German sufferers. The Society hold monthly meetings to transact business, and for the admission of members. In this they are very particular, to admit such only as are of good moral character, that the Society may maintain its respectability. Few societies of the kind have continued so long and so harmonious. It is to be hoped, this will still continue to promote the cause and practice of the best music, which is that of social and sacred harmony.

J. R. P.

#### MARRIAGE AMONG THE FRANKS.

By the laws of the Franks, a man was allowed but one wife, and he was rigorously punished who quitted her to marry any other. The tie which connected them was in-

\* Mr. Griffin, Jacobs, Everett, Purkis, Banner. Mr. Bartholomew occasionally appeared among them, (being an honorary member) and played his celebrated concertos on the violin.

dissoluble, and the wife was inseparable from her husband. She followed him to war; the camp was her country: and from the camp the armies drew their recruits. Boys, born and bred amid the din of arms, inured to danger, and already soldiers, replaced the old and slain. They married in their turn, as we learn from Sidonius Apollinaris; who, in describing the rejoicings that were made in the camp of Clodion, on account of a wedding, tells us, that the fair young man, by whom he means a Frank, had married a fair young woman; and that the soldiers celebrated their nuptials with Scythian and warlike dances.

The husband provided for his family by his exertions, and by the booty which he shared in an enemy's country. On his return, the chaste caresses of his wife amply recompensed the warrior for the fatigues he had undergone, and for the danger to which he had been exposed. A dear and affectionate hand dressed the wounds which he had received in battle; and her obedience and sweetness of manners gave a charm to their society, which lasted as long as their lives. This union was founded on a perfect subordination. The Franks of those remote times were absolute masters in their houses. They could put their wives to death when they departed from their duty; and it is surprising, that if a Frank killed his wife in a transport of anger, the laws punished him only by prohibiting him for some time to bear arms: a temporary interdiction of his military character.

#### CONTINENTAL BEGGARS.

FROM THE LETTERS OF THE REV. MR. RAFFLES.

'The farm-houses reminded us, from the peculiarity of their structure, being composed simply of planks of fir, with vast projecting roofs of the same materials, that we were approaching Switzerland, the cradle of freedom, and the retreat of Protestantism; while the general character of the cottages, and their romantic situations, naturally brought to my mind, the many happy hours I have passed amid the mountains of Wales. The only unpleasant circumstance in crossing the Jura, and which bespoke the deep poverty of the people, was the great increase of beggars. They were chiefly children, and their numbers and their importunities were truly astonishing. From the very slow rate at which we travelled, they were frequently enabled to follow us for a considerable distance, and this they did, entreating in the most piteous accents, and repeating the same words, with a sort of measured intonation, *Monsieur, s'il vous plaît, donnez moi charité.* These were the sounds that perpetually assailed us, and we were glad when a little level road allowed us to go on at a quick rate, and thus lose, for a while, the distressing din.'

'We dined at Gaub, a village on the right bank of the Rhine. While we were at dinner, a poor half-starved dog came to take what chance or compassion might throw in its way. Our pity soon became his advocate, and a plate, plentifully supplied with bones and bread, was the result of its pleading in his behalf. The door of the room was open, and in the course of the meal, turning that way, we observed a poor meagre ragged boy looking wistfully at the bones which the dog was rapidly devouring. I never saw the intense anxiety of hunger so depicted in a human countenance before—or met with such an illustration of the feelings of the prodigal, who would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat.'

'The look was eloquent—who could resist its power? I beckoned him into the room, and put into his eager hand a lump of bread and a mutton chop. He was leaving the room, when an old man, who had witnessed our bounty to the lad, rushed in: at his appearance I put out my arm to repel his solicitation, crying out, we shall have all the town, if we go on at this rate. The poor man immediately turned away—he made no complaint, he uttered no exclamation, but I could see the pangs of hunger in his countenance, and the tear started in his eye. This was more than I could bear—and, touched to the very heart, I tasted an exquisite luxury in seeing this poor wretch depart with the smile of gratitude upon his lips.'

#### HINTS FOR THE LADIES.

WORDS are the body and dress of thought; and the woman who simpers and smiles, when she should resent the culpable freedom of speech in a bold man, renders questionable the purity of her heart.

The woman who depreciates her husband, still more depreciates herself; for if a woman would have the world respect her husband, she ought to set the example.

A good woman's prospects of happiness with a good man, reach into eternity.

Happy the wife, who, on the death of her husband, has no material cause of self reproach, on reflecting upon her behaviour to the departed.

How few women there are, who, for one reason or another, have the man of their choice!—It is well, therefore, that love is vincible.

Perseverance in a rejected lover, after the lady has run through the circle of her humble servants, and found herself disappointed in her own views, has often been crowned with success; and the folly of her early refusal has often been demonstrated by the happiness of her subsequent domestic life.

From sixteen to twenty, all women, kept in humour by their hopes and attractions, appear to be good-natured. What charms would they give to life, if they would make this amiable disposition permanent!

Those who set out for happiness in wedlock, will be most likely to find it, if they live single till the age of fancy is over.

#### Original Poetry.

##### SONG.

###### LAURA'S COMPLAINT.

SEE the eastern curtain breaks,  
Brightening all the sky around;  
Sol his beaming fire-torch shakes,  
O'er the dark and midnight ground;  
Winged choirs greet the morn,  
Huntsmen gladly hear the horn,  
Ev'ry heart is light with glee,  
Sorrow sits on none but me.

Sighs of anguish tear this heart,  
Dreadful tortures rack the mind;  
Frederic plays the faithless part,—  
Can he in it pleasure find?

Hear my plaint, O God of Love,  
Suffer him no more to rove;  
Bring the truant back to me,  
Sorrow then shall banished be.

L.

#### EPITAPH ON A FAVOURITE DOG.

BENEATH this turf, consigned to dust,  
A fav'rite dog is laid,  
Who ever faithful, true, and just,  
The debt of Nature paid.

Bred up with care from early youth,  
Poor Toll was much attached,  
And ever with the greatest truth  
His master's int'rest watch'd.

For ten long years, this canine friend  
To please his mistress tried,  
And, ever faithful to the end,  
By all lamented died.

In youth, by sleeping babes he'd lay,  
To keep them from all harm,  
And, if a stranger pass'd that way,  
Would give a quick alarm.

No tempting bribe, could ever make,  
Poor Toll betray his trust,  
The int'rest of his friends forsake,  
Or do a thing unjust.

Whatever qualities are prized  
In canine race, had he,  
But from whate'er should be despis'd,  
Poor Tottle he was free.

Then let all false pretended friends  
From Toll example take,  
And ne'er, to serve their private ends,  
The bonds of friendship break.

LATITAT.

#### LINES

*Occasioned by the Death of E. J. K., aged 20 Months.*

'I sit me down and think  
Of all thy winning ways,  
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,  
That I had less to praise.'—LEIGH HUNT.

AND thou art gone, beloved child,  
And left us weeping here,—  
Thou who hast many a care beguil'd,  
Now claim'st thyself a tear.

Yet, wherefore should we weep, or bow  
Our heads in silent woe,  
Since thou, too happy child, art now  
Where all the blessed go.

And even if thou art not there,  
'Tis better thus to sleep,  
Than taste the pangs of deep despair,  
And care's sad vigils keep.

For even in thine infancy  
Sorrows around thee thronged;  
And life, alas, too certainly  
These sorrows had prolonged.

All these thou hast escaped, and more  
Prophetic eyes could see,  
Things that had pierced thy spirit sore,  
And press'd it heavily.

And yet we deem it hard to lose  
So fair a thing so soon;  
And think, that if 'twere thine to choose,  
Our choice had been thine own.

Selfish and weak, we deem that thou  
For us would'st cling to earth,  
And all an angel's bliss forego,  
For things of little worth.

Sweet child! when last I tun'd for thee  
My harp, some tones of gladness  
Mixed in the strain unheedingly  
With deeper ones of sadness;

For then Hope smil'd upon the lay,  
And threw around her light;  
But, ah! too fleeting was the ray,  
And all again is night.

Yet, no—not all! the soothing hope  
That thou art with the blest,  
Shall teach us with our ills to cope—  
Shall give our anguish rest.

Feb. 2, 1820.

J. W. D.

## TO MISS CAREW,

*On hearing her sing at the Portuguese Ambassador's Chapel.*

THE strains divine which from thee flow,  
So charm the heart from sin and woe,  
It sighs to be forgiven;  
To such pure ecstacy of praise  
Thy notes the willing soul can raise,  
That, quitting earth, it follows thee,  
True to celestial harmony,  
And gains its native heaven!

8th May, 1820.

O. F.

## Fine Arts.

## ROYAL ACADEMY; SOMERSET HOUSE.

No. 60, is a small view of *Tenby Bay*, Wales: B. Rotch, Jun.—a young man of genius, and of great versatility of talent. No. 61, *Sunday Morning*: M. W. Sharpe—in this excellent picture, a pretty girl appears washing the face of a most unwilling child, that he may appear at the parish church in good order and condition. This is an excellent production—the well-determined spirit of the one, and the obstinate resistance of the other, are very appropriate and natural—the child's face is distorted by the violence of passion, but this has no effect on the careful housewife, who perseveres in her task of matron-like prudence, not wishing to incur the reproach of her neighbours for sending the child to hear Parson Preachwell with a dirty face,—this is a very promising specimen of talent. No. 66, *The Water Mill*: Stothard—in the fore-ground of this picture is the mill, the centre-ground gradually rises to the back of the scene, and is terminated with the gardens; from whence the gay company has descended, and are scattered in groups, as far as the fore-ground of the scene; the time of the representation is sun-set. No. 71, *The Garden; gathering Flowers*: Stothard—a gay picture, some ladies only are here represented gathering flowers, beautiful as themselves, in a garden wherein are fruit-trees, shrubs, &c. in blossom;—in the back-ground is a flight of steps, which lead to a terraced garden,—we think that the tree in the middle is too slate-coloured, and that the sky is too deep a blue. No. 72, *Garden at Ghazepore*: Daniell—a rich landscape of an eastern view. No. 81, *Dead Calm on the Medway, with Sheerness in the Distance*—this is a very excellent large picture. No. 82, *Portrait of the late Duke of Kent*: Beechey—the face of

this portrait is too small for such a large sized picture; it has an unhappy air of insignificance. No. 87, *Portraits of Miss Lyell and Sisters*: Phillips—a very pleasing group of pretty portraits. No. 89, *The Combat between Bothwell and Balfour, in the 'Tales of My Landlord'*: Cooper—a spirited picture—the countenance of Balfour is very sly and disgusting. No. 92, *The Supper by the Fountain*: Stothard—this clever picture represents a night scene, the supper table is spread by the side of a fountain, amidst tall trees, through which the silver orb of night gleams translucently; the company is seated at supper, and some appear regaling themselves upon the charms of beauty rather than food. No. 98, *The Dance*: Stothard—a group is dancing by the side of a piece of still water,—the gay party is partly shaded by an avenue of tall trees, which extend to the back-ground of the scene,—there is much finished grace, interesting archness, and pleasing gaiety, in the figures of the several dancers. No. 106, *The Wolf and the Lamb*: Mulready—this picture is in the artist's best style, and is a very excellent production,—the attentive concern of the affectionate mother,—the infantine terror of the little child running away with uplifted hands, as if saying, ‘Oh, dear mama, do come, there is a naughty boy beating John!’—the spiteful character of the face of the wolf, i. e. the fighting boy, and the fearful countenance of the terrified lamb or beaten boy, are objects which exhibit, in a powerful degree, truth and nature. No. 115, *Portrait of John Abernethy, Esq.*: Sir Thomas Lawrence—a very excellent portrait. No. 122, *Portrait of the Daughter of the Archduchess Charles, of Austria*: Sir T. Lawrence—this is the only foreign portrait with the view of which the new president has favoured the public. No. 123, *View in the Vale of Chamouny*: Sir G. Beaumont, Bart.—a fine prospect. No. 131, *Chriemhild exposing the body of her deceased husband, Siegfried the Swift, in the Minster at Worms, and swearing to his assassination, challenges Hagen, Lord of Trony, and Gunther, King of Burgundy, her brother, to approach the corpse, and, upon the wounds beginning to flow, charges them with murder*: Fuseli—this is a bold subject; but, unfortunately, Fuseli has commingled the frightful with the sublime,—a great fault in the works of this artist;—the right arm of the unhappy widow is extended upwards in too stiff and too straight a manner,—her countenance is fine, as well as that of the old man behind,—there are several frightful females to the right of the picture; they have faces with which we think that few men have so much perverted taste as to fall in love, excepting one, close to Chriemhild;—the pendant hair of Chriemhild is too straight and formal,—the right arm of Trony is too large at the wrist,—there is a statue-like coldness and hardness about the dead body, very unnatural,—the bishop has a fine head. When we observe this picture, we cannot resist the associations of the ridiculously frightful and terribly sublime. No. 132, *Portraits of Miss Emily and Miss Fanny Baring, Daughters of Sir T. Baring, Bart.*: Jackson—pretty and playful. No. 138, *The Little Cottager, (Portrait of a Young Lady)*: J. A. W. Devis—very pretty. No. 139, a good *Portrait of the late Master of the Rolls*: Phillips. No. 141, *Scene from Henry IV; Portrait of the late Mr. Maddocks, as Falstaff*: H. P. Briggs.—‘Do ye think I did not know ye? By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye!’—extremely clever, and somewhat in the soft style of Stothard.

## THE DROWNED FISHERMAN.

An excellent engraving by Heath, has lately been published, from the original picture on this subject by Westall, an artist who excels in portraits of social duty and domestic feeling. The kind mother and her interesting children, are depicted with great force and characteristic truth.

\*.\*.T.

## The Drama.

**DRURY LANE.**—There has been no novelty at this theatre during the past week. Mr. Kean has continued to perform *King Lear* with the same success as marked his first appearance in the character; and the revival of this play may be considered as the best hit that has been made during the season.

On Tuesday, the long continued course of tragic performances was very agreeably interrupted by the performance of the opera of the *Devil's Bridge*. Mr. Braham played Count Belino, and gave the very beautiful songs, which impart to this opera so great a superiority, with admirable effect. The other characters were filled by the same 'ladies and gentlemen' who have so often represented them with success.

The recovery of Mr. Elliston enabled him to appear in the new farce of the *Lady and the Devil*, which has been played every evening since, with increasing attraction.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—On Wednesday, a new historical tragedy, called *Virginius, or the Liberation of Rome*, was produced at this theatre. It is founded on the well-known Roman story, than which, there is, perhaps, no event in history more strikingly dramatic; and yet, although not less than nine tragedies have been founded on it, none of them have kept the stage, but entirely owed their short-lived popularity to the merits of the actors who performed the principal characters. The following is a list of those previously written by English authors:—

Appius and Virginia: a Tragic Comedy, 1575.

Appius and Virginia: a Tragedy. By John Webster, 1659.

Unjust Judge; or, Appius and Virginia: a Tragedy. By Thomas Betterton, 1694.

Virginia: a Tragedy. By John Dennis, 1709.

Virginia: a Tragedy. By Henry Crisp, 1750.—It was acted at Drury Lane with considerable success. Mr. Garrick was the hero.

Appius: a Tragedy. By John Moncrieff, 1755.

Virginia: a Tragedy. By Frances Brooke, 1756.—It was rejected by the managers, but not without Mrs. Brooke's appealing against their decision.

Virginia; or, the Fall of the Decemvirs: a Tragedy. By John Bidlake, 1800.—Never acted.

Alfieri also formed one of his best tragedies on the story of Virginia, which is an exact counterpart of the affecting relation of Livy. The new tragedy, which is said to be the production of a Mr. Knowles, is not a transcript of any of those we have quoted. Its structure resembles that of Alfieri, but differs from it sufficiently to entitle the author to the merit of originality.

The following is a list of the principal characters:—Appius Claudius, Mr. Abbot; Virginius, Mr. Macready; Icilius, Mr. C. Kemble; Claudius, Mr. Connor; Siccius Dentatus, Mr. Terry; Numetonius, Mr. Egerton; Virginia, Miss Foote; Servia, Mrs. Faulet.

The author of this tragedy has exhibited no small

portion of talent in the management of his materials. He has principally studied effect, and he has succeeded; we should, however, have wished, that he had permitted Virginius to sacrifice his daughter behind the scenes; the audience would then have been saved a revolting shock, and the agonies of the father would not have been impeded or weakened in the expression. The language of the play, though sometimes careless, often displays much dignity and elevation. The object of the author seems to have been to reach the heart by simplicity of his appeals, than to dazzle the imagination by splendid images, or to overwhelm the soul by extraordinary bursts either of pathos or indignation. Mr. Tacready has added to his reputation by his performance of the character of Virginius, which is bold, rash, and patriotic. The rest of the character is in a much finer tone; the domestic scenes in the early part of the tragedy, where Virginius appears superintending the studies of his daughter,—his detection of her secret passion for Icilius,—the scene where he is called from the camp to vindicate his claim to his daughter,—and, lastly, that of the judgment of Appius, are wrought with much vigour, and finely illustrate the deepest and purest of all passions—parental feeling.

Mr. Terry's Dentatus, though a character unconnected with the story, produces a good deal of applause. Mr. C. Kemble, though labouring under a severe cold, gave much effect to the character of Icilius, the lover of Virginia. Mrs. Faulet's Servia, and the Virginia of Miss Foote, are entitled to much commendation. The other characters were well sustained, and the piece was completely successful.

**SURRY THEATRE.**—The *Knight of Rhodes*, a serious historical melodrama, was produced at this theatre on Monday last, for the benefit of Mrs. Dibdin. It is taken from a tragic play written by Sir James Bland Burgess, and the plot is this:—Hali, a Renegado Turk, has conceived, from motives of jealousy, an invincible hatred against Damaral, the chief of the Knights of Rhodes; and, while conducting Ismena, a Turkish lady, to the court of his master, is taken prisoner, with his mistress, by the object of his hatred. The fair captive is consigned, by Villiers, the Grand Master of Rhodes, to the care of Damaral, who, notwithstanding the regulations of the order, and the obligations imposed upon his honour, becomes enamoured of her.—Hali, determined to turn this circumstance to his advantage, persuades Ismena to lend herself to his scheme, and she accordingly loses no opportunity of improving her influence over the generous-minded and unsuspecting Damaral. For the further accomplishment of his purpose, Hali induces Damaral into a belief that he had been prevented, by trickery, from being chosen grand master of Rhodes,—and, by specious promises and misrepresentations, engages him in a conspiracy against the state. In the mean time, negotiations have been going on for the ransom of Ismena, and Damaral is called upon to resign her, but refuses. Hali has obtained from Damaral the signet of his order, as a pledge of his confidence, intending to use it as evidence of his treachery, and, thus far, every thing seems to favour his design; when Ismena, struck with remorse, confesses her guilty conduct to Damaral, and implores his pardon. This and some other circumstances lead to the denouement of the piece, by Damaral's being called before the Knights of Rhodes, where his treason is proved by Hali, and he commits suicide; the Renegado Turk is ordered for execution.

From this subject, Mr. Dibdin has produced a melo-drama of a very superior cast, and we doubt not, from the ability with which it is performed, and the applause which it elicits, it will have a long run. Mr Huntley played Hali with his usual spirit; Miss Taylor, as the beautiful but deceitful Ismena, imparted great interest to her character; and Mr. Watkins, as the unfortunate Damaral, rose higher in our favour than ever.—The lively little opera, *Is He Jealous*, has been produced here, by permission of the proprietor of the English Opera House; it does not, like most exotics, suffer by the transplanting. Mrs. Chatterly is the exquisite Harriet, and, in spite of comparisons, is greeted with the loud laughs and long plaudits of respectable and crowded audiences.

### Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

The venerable President of the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Banks, is about to resign the important office which he has so long and so honourably filled. Several individuals of distinguished rank are named as his successor, among whom, are the Duke of Sussex, Prince Leopold, the Duke of Somerset, Earl Spencer, Earl of Morton, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Mr. Davies Gilbert. The latter gentleman is to be the *locum tenens*, until the new President is appointed.

For some years past, a trigonometrical operation has been conducted in India, under the auspices of the local governments. Lieut. Col. Lambton has been enabled, by the aid of their proceedings, to measure, at different periods, an arc of the meridian from  $8^{\circ} 9' 38''$  to  $18^{\circ} 3' 23''$  of north latitude, the greatest that has been measured on the surface of the globe. From a review of these operations, it appears that a degree of the meridian near the equator, contains 68,704 English miles; that in  $45^{\circ}$  of latitude, it is 69,030; in  $51^{\circ}$ , 69,105; in  $90^{\circ}$ , 69,368. So that a degree of latitude, at a medium estimate, makes exactly 69 1-10 English geographical miles.

*New Voyage of Discovery*.—Advices from St. Petersburg, dated March 22, state that a new voyage of discovery will be undertaken this summer in the north. The expedition will sail from the mouth of the Lena for the Frozen Ocean, in order to examine the coast of Siberia, and the islands which were discovered to the north of it some years ago. As it is not yet ascertained whether these supposed islands may in reality be one main land or not, and as hitherto they have only been visited in winter, it will be interesting to know how far the ice will permit vessels to advance during summer, and to determine its extent.

*Proposal for establishing a more correct account of civil time, no less simple than the Gregorian computation*.—Were every fourth year, excepting the 500th, reckoned to consist of 366 days, the average tropical year would be estimated at days 365, hours 5, min. 57, sec. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; an approximation close indeed to the year's true value. It is therefore suggested that the papal year be amended by the addition of the differential 2000th part.—*Phil. Mag.*

### The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIUS.

Epigram.

To a Swiss, a gay Frenchman in company said,  
'Your soldiers are forced, Sir, to fight for their bread;  
Whilst for honour alone the French rush to the field,  
So your motives to our's, Sir, must certainly yield.'—  
'By no means,' cries the other; 'pray why should you boast,  
Each fights for the thing he's in need of the most.'

May 16th, 1820.

P.

'Much depends on names,' says Mr. Shandy.—It seems, too, that in New York, as well as in other States, much depends on the orthography of them—'Jediah Prendergast' has lost his seat for four years in the senate of New York, from the clerical error of his first name having been spelled, in one of the returns, 'Jedediah.'

*Pasquinades at Rome*.—A man called Cæsar, lately married a girl of the name of Roma,—both common names in Rome; they lived in the Piazza Navona, close to Pasquin's statue, where was found, next morning, the following advice:—

'Care, Cæsar, ne tua Roma respublica fiat!

The man replied the next day:—

'Cæsur imperat!'

But his antagonist immediately rejoined:—

'Ergo coronabiter.'

Upon the late entry of the Emperor of Austria into Rome, the following squib on Pasquin's statue:—

'Gaudium urbis fletus provinciarum, risus mundi.'

*Velocipedes*.—It would seem that the dandies of Calcutta, mounted on their Velocipedes, have become rather troublesome to the citizens of that metropolis; the following has in consequence been issued:—'General orders,—By his Excellency the most noble the Governor General. His Excellency the most noble the Governor General, is pleased to direct, that in future, Velocipides shall not be permitted to enter the Respondentia Walk. By order, C. T. Higgins, officiating town major.'

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The communications of Mr. Newman, Stiepo, X., and R. S., are received. The insertion of the latter part of a 'Constant Reader's letter, relative to Cardinal Wolsey's chair, would have subjected us to the duty on advertisements.

On looking at the last number of the 'Annals of the Fine Arts,' published the 1st instant, we found the life of WEST transferred from the pages of the *Literary Chronicle*, word for word, into the 'Annals,' without the least acknowledgement of the source from whence the Editor of that work derived the memoir, and without the signature of '\*, \* T.'—We shall merely observe, that this is an extraordinary mode of conducting a publication, devoted exclusively to the *liberal arts*, (we are accustomed to such treatment from the *illiberal*,) but it is scarcely fair that editors should thus ungenerously avail themselves of our literary labours, without the common civility of some acknowledgment; at the same time, we are not insensible to the involuntary compliment which is thereby paid to us.

Errata, in our last, p. 318, col. 2, l. 34, for 'speculative' read 'superlative'; l. 47, for 'Gaudy' read 'Gaudy.'

### SPANISH INQUISITION, GREAT PICTURE.

Exhibited every day from Eleven in the Morning till Nine in the Evening, at No. 87, Pall Mall.—Admittance, One Shilling.

What is most striking in this picture, is the effect of the various lights that the painter has represented in it; such is the illusion, that every body is inclined to think that the depicted lights are nothing but the effect of natural ones, placed in different parts behind the painting; of the surprising, and truly magic effect of which, there is not as yet any precedent since the birth of the liberal arts.

Among all the pictures exposed in the conspicuous exhibition of Somerset House, not one is in the style of the Spanish Inquisition, not one with the strength and warmth in the colouring singularly peculiar to the effects of lamp light; and we believe that this painting deserves to be examined by every body, in order to see what difference exists between the Italian and English schools.

LONDON:—Published by J. LIMBIRD, 355, Strand, two doors EAST of Exeter Change; where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by SOUTER, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; CHAPPLER, Pall Mall; GRAPEL, Liverpool; and by all Booksellers and News-venders in the United Kingdom. Printed by DAVIDSON, Old Boswell Court.